





embarked on the Second World War, could never have been used for the kind of blitzkrieg attack which the Germans employed for the conquest of France in 1940. It had a top speed of 15 mph (and that, one suspects, only on the best of going, what with a weight of 26.5 tons propelled by a mere 190 hp) and a cross-country range of about fifty miles. The commander of a formation of Matildas in the period from September, 1939 to May, 1940, however much he might have been a devotee of the theories of Captain Liddell Hart, would have been severely handicapped by the design of the machine, the product of decisions taken many years earlier.

The series excels when it allows the machines to speak for themselves; and the machines, in fact, have a great deal to say of wider import. For example, the Matilde tank, the standard infantry or heavy tank with which the British Army

Armoured Corps, were slow and cumbersome in the extreme. Their tracks were vulnerable to field gun fire and mines, and their totally unimproving suspension system a constant source of trouble. They were not intended to take on other tanks. In fact, after the Germans only built about twenty tanks of their own in the First World War, though they did use a number of captured British machines). In 1917 there appeared the first of the Whippets, so designed by William Tritton, which was intended as a lighter and faster vehicle, to cavalry, as to speak, as the Marks I to VIII were to infantry. It can be argued that the Whippet was the precursor of what was later to be called the cruiser, as opposed to the infantry tank. In 1917 we can already detect, therefore, the origins of the two-tank concept, the need both for a slow and heavy armoured infantry tank and for a lighter and faster cruiser, a doctrine with which the British entered the Second World War and from which they were just escaping in 1945 when the Comet began to evolve into the "universal" Centurion.

crash their way through barbed wire entanglements, and suppress the machine-guns which had hitherto dominated the battlefield of the Western Front between the lines. The basic task of these first machines was to open up a path for the infantry, who would then go ahead and occupy and hold the ground thus made available to them. Even in the Second World War, the problem of liaison between tanks and infantry presented grave difficulties: it should cause no surprise, therefore, that the first great tank breakthrough of history, on the Cambrai front in November, 1917, should have had its effects nullified by failures in infantry exploitation.

These rhomboidal monsters, whose shape is still preserved on the flashes and badges of the Royal

In the largest quantities during the Second World War, more than 8,000 being made in Great Britain and Canada. Neither Matilda nor Valentine was entirely satisfactory; among other faults, both were slow and undergunned when compared with the German PZ KPFW III. In the midst of war attempts were made to create something better. The old division between infantry and cruiser tanks resulted in the design, initially by Harland and Wolff and subsequently by Vauxhall, of the Churchill heavy tank, a machine not without its drawbacks but clearly owing much to the concepts of the First World War period. By any objective standard, the Churchill cannot be described as an outstandingly successful tank, as its first users in battle, the Canadians during the unfortunate Dieppe raid of 1942, were to observe.

In the cruiser field, however, a far more promising start was made with the adoption of the American-designed Christie suspension system (which, oddly enough, was much appreciated in the Soviet Union until the light native United States tanks in the Covenant Crusader series. From these evolved the tanks at the end of the war the Cromwell and, finally, the Comet, both equipped for the first time with an adequate engine, the Rolls-Royce Meteor (a derivative of the Merlin). The Comet led to the abandonment of the infantry-cruiser two-tank combination in the Centurion, a machine which, as we shall argue, more than two decades later, has been slanted into one of the finest tanks in the world.

During the Second World War, British tanks tended to be under-gunned. One reason for this was a decision on the part of the War Office that tanks should all be capable of carriage by the British railway system. This limitation on width made it virtually impossible to

design a turret for a B-7 which could mount the 30-pounder gun, the only weapon which approached the power of the German 88, the most powerfully armed trench mortar in the world, and which served at the end of the war. The firely, an Sherman was the 17-pounder in place of the standard 75. This machine, which was probably shot out by the German Tiger at the first versions of the Soviet Stalin series; but the German only capable of producing limited quantities, and it is Stalin tanks were sent on the side, so this particular tank was of little practical use.

The first three volumes of the "Armoured Fighting Vehicle World" series cover a ground which can only be on here: the first volume, for example, discusses French and German as well as British tanks during the World War; and it is not known as perhaps it should be what progress the French, as by Colonel Estienne, made in the field. The Schneider and Renault tanks were rather and should be compared to German 18-man Sturmpanzer period, the A7V Sturmpanzer, but the Renault FT17 was the most advanced concept, so that some were still in use when French and German again clashed in 1939-40. The volumes also deal with the years and the first volume included account of the Rolls-Royce 1914 model used by the Middle East. The history of these three volumes, from the first experimental concept in 1915 until the victory in Europe

W43). As such, this is undoubtedly a major contribution to the history of war. One surprise in designing these volumes was with their "Aircraft" books, the publishers had a model-builder rather than a scholar or the general reader as they may, it would be a pity if the careful reader has gone through these three volumes without at least to insert the photographs with which the illustrations, does not reach a public.

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**PHILIP GREEN and SANFORD LEVINSON** (Editors):  
**Power and Community**  
Dissenting Essays in Political Science.  
396pp. New York: Vintage. Paper-back, \$2.45.

suggest that political upheaval had done more to shatter this old confidence than has any intellectual attack. The cheerless belief that the Negro was entering mainstream pluralist politics became incredible after Watts, Newark and Detroit. The rationality of the political order was less persuasive to politicians, seemed numbing to peace-gun-control laws to stop American slouching each other at home, or to stop an unpopular war in which they got shot abroad. And it must be remembered that even quite eminent professors spend a lot of their time teaching the young—who had a very direct interest in the Vietnam War and whose faith in the theory that “the balloon not the bullet” rule America lasted no further than Chicago 1968. This is what makes the idea of an “anti-textbook” so poignant. As Thomas Kuhn has argued, established scientists train new scientists via the current, authoritative textbook—but textbooks in American politics are in disarray, the shifts and changes of heart through different editions providing eloquent evidence of the power of the external world over civility and theory.

But it would be absurd to neglect the intellectual causes of these new enclaves and hesitations. Intellectual hubris appeared in the revolutionaries soon as the revolutionaries drew breath. For one thing, cross-cultural comparisons remained as hazardous as ever. As Aleksandr Modilyarev has recently pointed out, it does not make much sense to assert that Americans are "prouder" of their governmental institutions than are the Italians, if the concept of "pride" is so different in the two cultures that the Italians find it hard to make much sense of the idea that a man can be *orgoglioso* about such a thing as his country's government. Similarly, the concept of "political development" raised embarrassing questions about the evaluation of political systems: how was the political scientist to avoid begging the issue in favour of some country or other, save in the case of spending much of his time explicitly and self-consciously arguing a case? And even this anxiety came no more easily to the profession for its success in disposing of the philosophers and the "old-fashioned" political theorists hereafter. Even where such questions did not press too hard, the explanatory qualities of the sciences were questionable—somehow, the way the world linked to those who answered the questionnaires remained almost as difficult to decipher as it had before.

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*Community* take no single line on any of these issues—there is no party line either on goals or methods. Thus Professor Lipsitz works inside the familiar public opinion tradition, but wants to know how the silence of the politically unresponsive means. He is, on the whole, charitable about the shortcomings of Robert Lane's inferences from fifteen citizens of New Haven to the supposed contentment and political attachment of the American "common man". But he rightly takes exception to the narrowness of the concept of "ideology" which worked Mr. Lane [and Philip Converse] over. On the evidence of his own survey data, it would be quite wrong to think that the poor and insecure have no sense of grievance—they plainly have a sense of grievance, of having been cheated by government, and the areas in which they feel cheated are highly specific. But, of course, they have little articulate grasp of the mechanisms by which the cheat is operated. They are, certainly, not much interested in questions which agitate the elite, such as the public or private ownership of utilities—but that is not the same as their having no beliefs, and it certainly does not show that they feel their grievances less than the better off and more articulate feel theirs.

Another contributor who accepts the 1970s guide to methodology and pushes their use a moral, rational, and sceptical step is Michael Rogin. His recent hook is *McCarthy and the Intellectuals* which is a very heartening application of plain sense, insight and hard work to the question of just who supported Joseph McCarthy and why. After it, the elaborate but expansive views of Seymour Martin Lipset and Tokemi Parsons look like Gothic follies built only to be ruined. Here it is David Truman who is undermined from a surprising direction for it is he held against him that his seeming tough-mindedness in rejecting the concept of the "national interest" as a "spook" simply collapses when he looks at interest groups. In their case, he forgets his enthusiasm for Arthur F. Bentley's criticism that either by individual interests exist, and *The Government of the People* talks about "group inter-

own" without any attention to the extent to which within any group there is likely to be a divergence of interests—especially between the interests of the leaders and those of the rank and file. Mr. Kyrin looks at the process whereby the so-called "non-partisan" approach of the AFL was maintained from the 1890s through to the 1930s. Local political machines, ballot-rigging, even hired thugs, were all raked in to fight off rank-and-file insurgents. Neither "group interest," nor the obvious merits of the non-partisan case explain why successive attempts to build a socialist political movement on a trade union base came to nothing. Not, of course, that this shows that there was nothing to be said for the non-partisan policy—only that it was imposed by obviously undemocratic methods. Group theorists can certainly counter-attack by showing how other groups promote something, plausibly desirable as the interests of their members—but the task will be harder than it once looked.

Less successful are the attempts to rescue previously neglected values such as "community." Alan Wolfe recounts a hopeless attempt to create an academic community out of a Long Island college set out on a ludicrously incoherent mixture of hierarchical and populist principles. But his own horticulturalness and his self-righteous assumption that all in authority were anathema, leaves one wondering whether persons of his temperament do want to make a community. Michael Walzer is a good deal more articulate in his defence of the General Motors sit-down strike of 1937 (though he is equally uncomfortable in showing how the resistance of the workers then was morally justified in a way in which current student sit-ins often are not. It is not obvious what purpose this walkback on moral knife-edges is supposed to serve—on Mr. Walzer's own account, the exigencies of politics merely allow for the success of tactics like those of the General Motors workers, and questions of justification necessarily have to be worked out *ad hoc* and crudely, with more than a small chance that events will make fools—or villains—of all concerned.

But the least successful authors are those who hope for an epistemological revolution to supersede the wellanschauung of the political economists. Peter Einhorn does, it is true, make some useful points about the obsession with the "real world" that so many political scientists have shared. As he says (following J.

Austin, the important question about terms like "real" is what they are used to rule out as unreal, what sort of non-"real world" we are forbidden to investigate. Mr. Euben sees that decisions about what constitutes reality are themselves theoretical decisions, and that their justification depends upon the quality of the theoretical defence available. But he wobbles between thinking that political scientists have produced the wrong "paradigm", the wrong professional assumptions about how the world really is, and thinking that they ought not to have a paradigm at all.

That is, Anglo-American political scientists have been anxious to become, so to speak, the natural scientists of the political; they have learnt from writers such as R. K. Merton and T. S. Kuhn that the natural sciences progress under the domination of paradigms, helplessly held by the scientific community about what it is they are, at bottom investigating, and how it is to be uncovered. But "behavioralism" was never within striking distance of being such a paradigm, for, while a paradigm does dictate to a considerable extent the methodology we are intelligently adopt, the conventions are not so tight. We might in principle pile up endless reasons without giving their in the least dictating to us. And we are to assign meaning to them. Yet, it is at least arguable that the demand for a paradigm is a mistake which Mr. Euben shares with his opponents. If the social sciences are irrevocably conceptual and philosophical in their concerns—not everywhere, but certainly in important areas—then politics is not a science in a *pre-paradigm* condition, but one in a *non-paradigm* condition. It is in the defence of some such position that Tracy Strong invokes some powerful shades; but he does it in so convoluted a fashion that it is quite impossible to say when the aid of an instance, *par excellence* is to achieve. Where, Mr. Strong is intelligible, only threatens to lose sight of the often alarmingly mistaken—for example, in asserting that Plato and Hobbes share a benign belief in history, which is just as wrong one could be about both of them.

In short, *Power and Community* is not a very satisfactory volume, though the disappointment will be greater, the more revolutionary its transformation of consciousness the reader is seeking. Those who do find familiar things better than before come out well; the others seem to have been blinded by Plato's cave-dwellers. It is scarcely surprising, if there really was no paradigm-shift in the first place, but only new methods were employed by academics no more in tune to the prevailing conservative mood of their junior colleagues. There is not much room for a paradigm-shift in a new direction. Which is not to utter the boring falsehood that there is no novelty in political science, only to claim that it is at the kind of novelty chronicled by the historians and philosophers of the natural sciences.

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# The rape of the capital

HERMIONE HOBHOUSE:

Lost London

A Century of Demolition and Decay  
250pp. Macmillan. £5.25.

Lost London is an evocative title: the density of the old capital pile is rich even when only the past century's layers are poked. A long literature has reported the losses, for example a *Vanishing London* of 1894 consisting of detailed architectural drawings of old buildings then on their way to the knacker's yard, a book unimpaired by the private concern of the draughtsman (Roland Paul) that such things should be properly recorded before their seemingly inevitable fate. And there was a two-layered *Lost London* published in 1926 to present a selection of topographical drawings (by J. Crowther) commissioned in the 1880s by a private collector to record "such features and landmarks throughout London as seemed likely to become before long a prey to the necessities for improvement and development". And *London City Suburbs* of 1893, "the result of many years' exploration" by an author and his artist (Fitzgerald and Luker) of places where "too much, alas... is being rapidly obliterated", had a long list of private subscribers headed by the Queen.

In other words, even after the founding, during the 1870s, of societies for photographing or preserving old buildings, there was room for individual concern to publish such things and there still is, for all the municipally or nationally supported surveys, historic buildings sections, and ministerial inspectors now performing in London. In fact, a private individual concerned enough to question the seeming inevitability of fate and informed enough to discuss the complex background to the whole ticklish question of preservation today is in a better position than anyone municipally or ministerially employed to do so.

And that is what Hermione Hobhouse has done. As Cubitt's biographer, she is under no illusions about the financial roots of London's growth; as someone practically involved in a local amenity society, she has few illusions about grassroots preservation problems; and as an historian, she can take the long view. So her sixteen-page introductory summary of attitudes and legislation since the 1870s is an eloquent account of changing ideas of profit and loss that brings us down to today's situation, where we solicit tourists with one hand and tear down what they come to see with the other. Next there are eight sections on various types of buildings or neighbourhoods, with a briefly informative text framed around the illustrations, mainly evocative old photographs. The running comment there evokes in a reader's mind proves once more the rich density of

the old capital pile and gives some what as follows.

The great low mansions, so lavish in the horizontal spread of their wings and gardens, on central sites so appealing to the vertical developer—how could they all last, and shouldn't we be grateful that at least Aspley House, and sometimes Lancaster House and Marlborough House, are open to us? While agreeing with all that Miss Hobhouse says about the uniqueness of what is gone, in what other city could one see from the top of a hill a vast wooded garden such as the one behind Buckingham Palace, with its flock of flamingos beside its lake in summer? Northumberland House, destroyed in 1874 for a new street—didn't Curjel's elaborate staircase go to the house of Leyland the shipping magnate in Prince's Gate, where there was all that fuss about the Peacock Room? Holland House—a talking comparison of views, one of the old library exactly complemented by one of its ruins, with sad browsers still contemplating the elytras. Flat gothic Pomfret House in Arlington Street—Horace Walpole lived just over the way: what did he think of it? Square—let's add that at least the music room is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Grosvenor Lane—let's not make it easy for future historians to confuse it with the quite different Grosvenor Gallery in New Bond Street. The "Hilton decision" to allow that triple-harmonious of a hotel, as the *Architects' Journal* called it, to rear up over Hyde Park's green horizon—how right to discuss it under an old view of the domestic-scale site, with Park green implied near at hand, not beyond two boulevards?

Of these houses that turn villa-like backs to Park Lane, so nicely illustrated here, it might be mentioned that there is a somewhat smaller arrangement towards Birdcage Walk, with front doors on Queen Anne's Gate. Harcourt House—no mention of its site (west side of Cavendish Square), but a view full of idiosyncrasy, in the Duke of Portland's glass screens perhaps against the neighbours' apple-cores. No mention of old Burlington House, omitted doubtless because its destruction occurred in the 1860s; yet it left for the rest of the century an ignominious pile of columns in Battersea Park; remnants of the most nobles of private colonnades ("a sort of London Tadmor", said *London City Suburbs* with a sketchy drawing of the pile in the grass).

Of Wren churches in life and death there are many-layered things to say: Miss Hobhouse gives splendidly appreciative quotations from the architect Mackmurdo's book of 1883 on these, but perhaps rightly

she felt there was no room to mention his gorgeously proto-Art Nouveau and on-Wrenlike life-page (illustrated in Nikolaus Pevsner's *Monuments of the Modern Movement*), though his point of view and his life-page are equally important in the history of taste. The Phillimore Report of 1919 proposing demolition for certain Wren churches is mentioned, but not the full and balanced report on that proposal published separately in 1920 by the Clerk and the Architect to the London County Council. Oddly enough, the latter pamphlet, *Proposed Demolition of Nineteen City Churches*, has achieved a small immortality in T. S. Eliot's note at the end of *The Waste Land*, citing the pamphlet's title though not the LOC for his reference to St. Magnus's "splendour of Ionian white and gold"—a strange little footnote in the literature of preservation.

On public buildings, Miss Hobhouse is right on the peculiar convolutions of City Corporation policy in clearing away all non-medieval accretions around the Guildhall entrance to make a Baroque space for limousines to turn in, thus losing the only medieval quality present, the class-set heterogeneity of the group they removed. And then she presents a painful inquest on the total destruction within the walls of Soane's Bank of England before the Second World War; small comfort that the public has a record, in Sieela and Yerbury's book of photographs and measured drawings published in 1930, of what was lost there.

Business buildings: add that the Lion Brewery's lion, once pacing its river front on the future site of Royal Festival Hall, now has its pad at the south end of Westminster Bridge. Add, too, one memory of the Stag Brewery behind Victoria Street (where the brewery smell still floated off towards Buckingham Palace in the 1950s)—three chimneys, during the demolition, standing like the leaning towers of Bologna; nothing to beg to preserve in that, only part of the small change of transient incident in a city. More important, Cockrell's Sun Assurance Building, just gone, is mentioned but not illustrated, though far more influential upon Victorian buildings than his classical work which is shown: for one thing, that stilted-arched window, repeated and repeated in buildings commercial and, eventually, domestic.

Norman Shaw's New Zealand Chambers to war casualty, which introduced the Queen Anne Revival to the City and would have been worth rebuilding, is represented by one of his sensitive preparatory drawings, not quite as built, but showing its height in relation to a Georgian building next door, before it was elbowed by bolder fronts. There is a superb photograph of Leonard Stokes's Telephone Exchange in Gerrard Street (running through to Lisle Street, not at a corner of it, from one of the old glass plates of that fine photographer Bedford Lemere now in the National Monuments Record collection).

A series of Southwark inns which still survived in the last century reminds us of the position of that first suburb at the head of routes to Kent and the Channel ports; court-yards redolent of Chaucer and Dickens—what lovely tourist-traps were lost there, except for the one surviving fragment of the George. Apropos the inn linked with John Harvard before he went to Massachusetts, he did not found Harvard College; half his property to the two-year-old college, which was then promptly renamed in his honour. The descendants of these inns appear in a wonderful set of photographs of Victorian hotels and restaurants in their opulent overlays of styles.

Mulling through these pages sets up a sort of fascinated mournfulness. A book called *Lost Treasures of Europe*, edited by Henry La Farge in 1946, and another called *The Bombed Buildings of Britain*, by J. M. Richards and John Summerson (1942-47), had the same sort of melancholy fascination—and yet the immediate causes of the dreadful ruin they survived were, in a way, simpler. Between wars, the reasons for urban ruin are more intricate; or else war is simply those reasons—

tioned but not illustrated, though far more influential upon Victorian buildings than his classical work which is shown: for one thing, that stilted-arched window, repeated and repeated in buildings commercial and, eventually, domestic.

Even the pigeons stay away. The sculptures' yards sell antique And jowl by jowl the busts of the Past savoured spire and spire. One cannot regret that the slum, however lively the last, Season Place's tatty little market, however warming to the before the Adom's coal fire, blown out by the winds of a new desert. That might have made to bloom with various liveliness, without monuments. The case for destruction separated neither from the qualities destroyed nor from the qualities created.

The mid-century for will-truction in London was 1940, the Coal Exchange and the Arch went. The decade that has been a time of reassessment, the forces fighting valiantly in the middle, and there is now understanding of those who Space, time, and architecture the minor car—have more meaning, in the context of the for more people than the Perhaps after another decade author of this book will be Lady Darlington's former deputy. May there be thing left for her to save!

ences in observation balloons. First World War, his wife charged with an old-fashioned refreshingly unrestrained by the end we are left with the notion that few men can so well deserved the honour he deserved him, tempered by a surprise that he should have wait until well into his ninth to receive it.

Although, perhaps, the most spectacular of his achievements, Portmeiron is far from being his only claim to fame. At a time when "environment" was an unknown term and preservation an actively sponsored solely by a handful of local enthusiasts, his voice was raised loud and clear prophesying the doom which must inevitably overtake both town and country unless we mended our ways. That today, belatedly, a genuine concern for our surroundings has become as widespread as it has—and has even been accorded legislative recognition—is due in no small measure to his pioneering enthusiasm.

In *Architectural Errant* Sir Clough records not only his struggle in the good cause and his professional triumphs and disappointments, but also illuminates architectural attitudes and conditions as they existed around the turn of the century. Whether he is describing the restoration of a country house or his experi-

human anecdote and

One thing we must not miss: Miss Hobhouse implies, is that some of the streets redeveloped were better before. Take the Euston station, or the Elephant and Road junction, or Victoria Street, the 1930s or 1950s, as today's glossy efforts of exchange one sort of London street for another. Sir John Betjeman put it in *London*: "like a street in Henry VIII, or 1871. At the time they were sealed to the street all right, but human itself is not enough. One had verse on the Euston of the 1950s inspired by the Adnan and Eve public-house.

Even the pigeons stay away. The sculptures' yards sell antique And jowl by jowl the busts of the Past savoured spire and spire. One cannot regret that the slum, however lively the last, Season Place's tatty little market, however warming to the before the Adom's coal fire, blown out by the winds of a new desert. That might have made to bloom with various liveliness, without monuments. The case for destruction separated neither from the qualities destroyed nor from the qualities created.

The mid-century for will-truction in London was 1940, the Coal Exchange and the Arch went. The decade that has been a time of reassessment, the forces fighting valiantly in the middle, and there is now understanding of those who Space, time, and architecture the minor car—have more meaning, in the context of the for more people than the Perhaps after another decade author of this book will be Lady Darlington's former deputy. May there be thing left for her to save!

ences in observation balloons. First World War, his wife charged with an old-fashioned refreshingly unrestrained by the end we are left with the notion that few men can so well deserved the honour he deserved him, tempered by a surprise that he should have wait until well into his ninth to receive it.

Although, perhaps, the most spectacular of his achievements, Portmeiron is far from being his only claim to fame. At a time when "environment" was an unknown term and preservation an actively sponsored solely by a handful of local enthusiasts, his voice was raised loud and clear prophesying the doom which must inevitably overtake both town and country unless we mended our ways. That today, belatedly, a genuine concern for our surroundings has become as widespread as it has—and has even been accorded legislative recognition—is due in no small measure to his pioneering enthusiasm.

In *Architectural Errant* Sir Clough records not only his struggle in the good cause and his professional triumphs and disappointments, but also illuminates architectural attitudes and conditions as they existed around the turn of the century. Whether he is describing the restoration of a country house or his experi-

FICTION

# Memories of an urban past

MAX AUB:

Buenos Intenciones

Madrid: Alianza. 60 ptas.

calle de Valverde

Barcelona: Seix Barral.

100 ptas.

Jesús Torres Campalans

Barcelona: Lumen. 300 ptas.

Y abra de Luis Alvarez

Barcelona: Seix Barral.

100 ptas.

The last time a book by Max Aub was reviewed in these pages (September 25, 1969), we observed that although other Spanish writers could now return from exile and have their work published in Spain, the regime remained implacable in its hostility to Aub, who was still not able to return from Mexico.

It happened, and as the Spanish cultural attaché in London was quick to point out, a day or two before the notice was published the Spanish press announced Señor Aub's presence in Spain. Since then, although not quite all is forgiven, some Spanish editions of some of Aub's books have added to the long list of publications which, in the past three or four years, have been giving most Spaniards their opportunity of finding out what has been happening to the Spanish writer outside Spain since the Civil War.

This is a very welcome development. Aub is arguably one of the half-dozen living Spanish novelists, and it is to be hoped that the role of his large and varied literary output will soon be available in Spanish, particularly since the four books published so far could give a misleading impression of Aub's literary talents. Apart from the fact that they are books which the author fits to offer to his readers ten or twenty years ago, they do not include many would regard as his best

work—the five novels of the *Laberinto mágico* cycle and some of his short stories. Furthermore, they might seem to suggest that Aub is a somewhat unimaginative writer of a basically nineteenth-century-realist kind. *Luz buena* (Intenciones) is dedicated to Galdós; the publishers' note to *La calle de Valverde* likens it to a Galdós novel.

At first sight the emparisismo can hardly be avoided. Both books present a Galdósian panorama of Spanish urban life of a period in the fairly recent past, with a large cast of characters, many of whose stories are told in frankly digressive detail, and all set in a realistic framework of fact, where real people and places and historical events seem to testify that the author is drawing directly on his personal memories of the period, as Galdós did in the 1880s. Yet if this is how things appear at first sight, it gives cause to wonder why Aub, who has been an ingenious experimenter in the course of his long career, should return in his fifties (the books were first published in 1954 and 1961) to straightforward description of life as it really was when he was in his twenties.

The answer may lie in an aspect of the two novels which links them to *Luz buena* and *Jesús Torres Campalans*: Aub's method and purpose in mixing fiction and reality. Galdós, like other nineteenth-century realists, introduced real people and places into his novels for the express purpose of enhancing the illusion of reality which he wanted his fiction to provide. Aub, on the other hand, would seem to be engaged in an Ummunian meditation on the reality when both are considered *sub specie aeternitatis*. His novels are not really made out of observation of life, but out of his present memory of life thirty years ago, which is a different matter.

The difference can perhaps best be seen in the three types of character Aub employs. His memories include figures like Valle-Inclán and Origen

palion with his sister's growing friendship with an older boy interrupted by the breakdown of a car outside their house. From it emerge an extraordinary, disturbing family of garrulous father and his crippled wife, grim son and his pregnant wife, and an adolescent daughter who might have sprung from one of Olaf's dreams. During the night in which they take shelter at the house we see a birth and a death which may or may not resolve life for the travellers but which certainly mark an end and a beginning for the boy.

This is not the kind of story that can be swallowed with aplomb even by those used to the chance but fateful meetings of symbolic Scandinavian films. Vesaas's skill is

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y Gasset, who are introduced by name. But they are dead now, and so, as far as Aub is concerned, survive in much the same way as his fictional characters. And yet in not quite the same way, for they were well-known public figures, and when he names them he must remember them as many others remember them. But then there are characters who are also real people, but who appear under pseudonyms. So if Valle-Inclán appears as Valle-Inclán, why should the painter Ceclio Pli appear as Daniel Miralles? Partly because he is less well known, no doubt, but more importantly because Aub's memories of the painter, after thirty years, are certainly past fictional (and his memories of the affairs of Pli's two daughters, one supposes, much more so). By extension, the purely fictional characters in the novels can be regarded as people who could have existed historically, but who in mere fact have only existed in the writer's imagination, as exemplary characters, as it were, in his composite impression now of what life was like then.

In this respect Aub's purpose in mixing fact with fiction could hardly be more different from that of Galdós. Perhaps this is self-evident in the novels, but it is worth remembering when one wonders, as one must, if *Jesús Torres Campalans* is anything more than a mischievous hoax. The joke went off well in its day. Aub presented, with careful documentation, indication of sources, photographs and reproductions of paintings, the biography of a forgotten Catalan painter, friend and contemporary of Picasso, who gave up painting in 1914 to go and bury himself among Mexican Indians. The book is said to have stirred some old man's memories and to have provoked independent recollections of the artist and beloved appreciations of his art. Now everyone knows that everything in the biography was the product of Aub's imagination. Yet one would not imagine that his

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## Way up high

EDUARDO MALLEA:

Gabriel Andaral

251pp. Buenos Aires: Sudamericana.

Gabriel Andaral is prefaced with the note that it is really by a notional Virgilio Valdés, who (in the text) 5000 compares himself with Dr Watson and his beloved Andaral who is anything more than a mischievous hoax. The joke went off well in its day. Aub presented, with careful documentation, indication of sources, photographs and reproductions of paintings, the biography of a forgotten Catalan painter, friend and contemporary of Picasso, who gave up painting in 1914 to go and bury himself among Mexican Indians. The book is said to have stirred some old man's memories and to have provoked independent recollections of the artist and beloved appreciations of his art. Now everyone knows that everything in the biography was the product of Aub's imagination. Yet one would not imagine that his

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the mind", there to discourse on the "high" literature and philosophy of the West, with predictable asides on the Orient. He has a big library and knows many languages.

There are personal moments, it is true; we are allowed to glimpse his private jottings and correspondence, and so learn, among other things, that *The Waste Land* holds the story of his life. What there is left for Gabriel Andaral to do and say in the three or four other novels Sr Mallea plans to include in this new "saga" is not something his reader is exactly driven to speculate about. In the rich and intricate novelistic world he has created over the past thirty years his last hero appears singularly lean and flat.

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**POLITICAL THOUGHT**

For more than forty years Mr Unwin worked for two empires; one who could not make up his mind, the other who knew he was always right. But what is surprising is the good-tempered tone of his record, in which his personal trials are more often suggested than spelled out. Yet to have his salary of £500, which had to support a wife and baby, halved soon after contracting tuberculosis in 1937 cannot have encouraged warm feelings towards his not unprosperous uncle-boss. He is not too about his successes, notably *Koi-Tiki*, whose acquisition following a holiday in Norway was entirely his own coup, and one which proved to be the biggest best-seller that his firm has ever enjoyed. How hard he had to work in that Museum Street backroom may be judged by the fact that even in the year before his retirement he was editorially responsible for no fewer than seventy books in course of publication; his standing in the publishing world was such that he was approached to be President of the Publishers Association, and finally declined on account of the pres-

On the other hand, the second

up likely books. Nor did he plan works and had

English publisher of his  
ever he had a mission

192pp. FERNER, E. S. 1974. 11. 1974

made it desirable for Nechay to

most authorities have supposed.

## January an

## and February

Each morning, they glance  
At the news  
Photographs, hoping  
They know  
No one. One morning, with difficulty, he  
Recognizes his brother's  
Face like a light framed  
At the end of a long passage of darkness.

nephew had to wait twenty-two years before being made a director—they stayed on in their crowded, uncomfortable offices, and they re-

very different.

ated. He dubbed the new arrival by the affectionate nickname of "Boy". For Nechaev it was a fruitful summer, resulting in the publication of several inflammatory pamphlets and the acquisition of cash from a fund held by Herzen and Ogarev. He returned to Russia in the autumn to resume the organi-

documents for 1869, including any hitherto unknown ones which may have been found meanwhile. A good deal of the letter of June, 1871, is naturally concerned with what happened in the previous year. Bakunin speaks of "our first campaign begun in 1869", adding that "at that time our programmes were

hrash nihilism. Further judgment on this odd and fascinating relationship may now await the publication of Mr. Lohning's promised 1869 volume. Meanwhile each successive volume of the series adds to the gratitude and admiration which all students of Bakunin owe to its devoted editor.

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1

What is newspaper style? A collective state of mind, a tone of voice—for a carefully chosen chorus of individual tones—which add up to an important part of its communication. In journalism as in literature, what you say is partly the way you say it. A chorus has to be conducted, and it is, with the technical problems that the Editor of *The Sunday Times*

is too good an editor not to know this perfectly well. Nothing is more boring than an unrelieved prattling lucidly suitable for children if all ages, and there should be no unbreakable law saying that every long sentence, even with subordinate clauses, should be automatically dismembered by some brisk sub-editor. The new danger, indeed, is neither clutter nor dismembering.

celebrities in anticipation of their obituary notices. Some jibbed a little; one or two, like the late Henry Luce, escaped Mr Willimon's personal attentions by way of a slightly premature exit. On the whole, however, the subjects appear to have shown little reluctance to have themselves, so to speak, bottled and laid down in this way—knowing, no doubt, that the bottle would be corked.

honesty is the best tribute he has done much to elevate his somewhat macabre trade. With or without the subject's cooperation, Mr. Whitman always tries to get at the truth. Sometimes, as in the outstanding piece about Robert Kennedy, a great deal of sensitive first-hand observation goes into the account. Yet he does not flinch, as when he quotes a man who called

the decline and fall of John Sebeck; he concludes that Doris Parker was a disillusioned romantic deep down.

Those who mistakenly look to it for final literary judgments should bear in mind that an obituary is not a literary critic; and it is not by Mr. Whitman's standards to John Massfield whom he calls

organization", "group", "union", or "association", and, worse still, frequently employed by historians as a surrogate for "explanation". If Mr Wilkinson's purpose to show the origin and usage of the term is to consider some of the difficulties in providing an operational definition of "movement" and in considering whether the activity of concentration

admission of failure. But this overlap is what has largely bedevilled attempts to identify the characteristics that can be said to be preconditions of social movements. Nor, indeed, is his dismissal of his working concept of state or government-created movements satisfactory. Certainly these have not arisen spontaneously, but they have in many cases—witness Peronism

international lawyer, Samuel Piskarsky, who claims to have played a major part in the lifting of the American embargo on the Chinese People's Republic. It deals extensively with such matters as trade organizations, methods of dealing with communists, monopolies, contracts, industrial property rights, know-how, patent law, copyright and arbitration. Mr. Piskarsky, by offering us a rare

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ARTHUR BARKER

act of dignity and power. Yet if group activists have used the term instrumentally, social scientists have used it indiscriminately. It often has been used interchangeably with "organization," "group," "union" or "association," and, worse still, frequently employed by historians as a surrogate for "explanation." If Mr. Wilkinson's purpose is to show the origin and usage of the term, he must consider some of the difficulties in providing an operational definition of "movement" and to consider whether the activity is conceptualizing and theorizing about "movements" is worthwhile.

In practice, he explores sketchily some of the difficulties of defining


to assertion in affirming the differences between his concept of social movements and pressure-groups, political parties and like organizations. His admission of failure, particularly this overlap is what has largely bedeviled his attempts to identify the characteristics that can be said to be preconditions of social movements. Nor, indeed, is his dismissal from his working concept of state or government-created movements satisfactory. Certainly these have not arisen spontaneously, but they have in many cases—witness Peronism—gained a life and momentum of their own that makes them, by Mr. Wilkinson's own criteria, social movements.

*Coexistence and Commerce* (\$58.00). pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £3.50) is a useful compendium by an international lawyer, Samuel Pisar, who claims to have played a major part in the lifting of the American embargo on the Chinese People's Republic. It deals extensively with such matters as trade organizations, methods of dealing with communists, monopolies, contracts, industrial property rights, know-how, patent law, copyright and arbitration. Mr. Pisar concludes by offering us carefully argued proposals for a code of fair practices in East-West trade relations.

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specific states of depersonalization and dissociation. It is therapeutic in so far as it transmutates the threat of total violence and destruction from latent rage in the individual and the culture into unmanageably distributed, muted and eroticized language. In a madhouse way the therapeutic of pornography achieves Freud's demand for analytic treatment: "where I'd was there shall the Ego be". In pornography it is all ego and only the ego; no id, no body, no person. The id, the person and the body are merely exploited to establish and actualize the machinery of somatic events. Its instructions lie in that it has to teach the tricks to its accomplice/reader for its peculiar reality to be participated in. And here again the Divine Marquis set the pace, when he all too awfully wrote his *Philosophy in the Bedroom*. In Madame de Saint-Ange's postulate to Eugénie:

My atrocities, horrors, may the most odious crimes astonish you no more, my Eugénie; what is only the filthiest, the most infamous, the most forbidden, 'tis that which best raises the intellect, 'tis that which always causes us most deliciously to disengage.

Sade most insightfully exposed the omnipotent role of intellect in these somatic events, and the absence of instinct.

This specific hyper-functioning of intellect, through the creation of somatic events imprisoned in words, not only alienates but also isolates the reader/accomplice just as much as it does the characters in pornography. Geoffrey Gorer in an article on "The Pornography of Death" accounts for this phenomenon in an interesting way:

Pornography on the other hand, the description of taboos and taboos to

produce hallucination or delusion, seems to be a very much rarer phenomenon. It probably can only arise in literate societies, and we certainly have no records of it for non-literate ones; for whereas the enjoyment of obscenity is predominantly social, the enjoyment of pornography is predominantly private.

My contention here is that this privacy, or what I call isolation, is a further subversive function of pornography. The final fact is that pornography is largely, if not exclusively, used for masturbation.

Sartre in his mammoth study *Saint Genet—Comedian of Misery*, discussing the whole function of masturbation in Genet's books, has this to say:

Seeking excitement and pleasure, Genet starts by enveloping himself in his images as the potent symbol of himself in its odour. These images call for themselves words that reinforce them; often they even remain incomplete; words are needed to finish the job; these words require that they be uttered and, finally, written down; the writing calls forth and creates its audience; the masturbatory narcissism ends by being shared in words. Genet writes in a state of dream and, in order to consolidate his dreams, dreams that he writes, that writes that he dreams, and the act of writing awakens him. The consciousness of the word is a local awakening within the fantasy; he awakes without ceasing to dream.

I am not so convinced as Sartre is that the phenomenon of dream is involved in Genet's writings: it strikes me that it is the other way round. All of Genet's compulsive onanistic fantasizing compensates both for his incapacity to dream and his incapacity to relate to the other. And pornography, in this sense, is an objectification of these incapacities in its authors. One can go to the extreme and say that pornography is

little more than masturbation writ large. Or, in Sartre's postulate, "the masturbator waits to take hold of the word as an object". If, aesthetically, pornography is lacking in imagination and, psychologically, in both emotion and object-relation—and if, physically, it symbolizes a lack of spontaneous instinctual impetus and desire—then one can define it as exclusively preoccupied with the mental pursuit of sensations to the exclusion of both emotions and object-relations. It aims to conjure up somatic events through words, and these are its only reality. If an accomplice/reader becomes too addicted to the given reality of pornography, then there is definitely a disruption of his own inner capacities to grow and personalize as a human adult. The trouble with pornography is not that it is against God's law but against nature's law in so far as it subverts the growth of the human adult into selfhood.

I have so far used the concept "somatic events", and have given two sorts of example of them. But one needs to examine the character of these events in more detail. Though they purport to be sexual in nature, in fact sexuality is merely exploited, to express violence and rage, either against the self-body or the other-body. The champions of pornography and pornographic writers themselves often make out that what they are trying to remedy are the inhibitions of instinctual experience in the individual through prudish cultural prejudices. Their claim is that they are trying to free the individual, to be more vitally and sentimentally his instinctual, sexual self. And yet what pornography achieves in fact is the opposite of what it claims to set out to do. As Sade and Sartre have pointed out, the mind and the word

usurp in fact the natural function of instinct in human experience and misappropriate the instinctual drive to a hyper-mental conception of often brutal imagery, in order to establish somatic events which disregard the person and being of the characters.

So one sees that there is a specific type of split involved in the connection of these events. First, the instinctual sexual drive is dissociated from natural bodily expression, sharing and gratification through object-relation. Second, this mutilation of the sexual drive is then used to create a very specific type of violence through language, a violence that is further eroticized to make it palatable. But the fact remains the same: negation of the self and object. It is in this particular redistribution of the instinctual drives of sex and aggression that the true pathology of pornography rests. It has replaced sexual freedom and sharing by a mental act of coercion on the body-self and object into extreme stances of submission and humiliation. In this context one can say that the politics of pornography are inherently fascist.

So far, by and large, I have looked only at the negative aspect of pornography. It cannot, however, be denied that a cultural revolution has been realized through pornography, from the Divine Marquis to Saint Genet. To my knowledge nobody has so far tried seriously to account for it; and one cannot write it off as a fortuitous phenomenon. Pornography is both a symptom of specific processes of the devaluation of instinct in a culture as well as in the individual, and an attempt at a cure of the symptom. Hence, my emphasis on the therapeutic involved in pornography. It is necessary now to understand more about

the nature of the specific functioning, on the one hand, the character of the pornography has created, and on the other, the use saying that both the and the revolution can away with by legislation.

All serious third-century poets or psychologists are concerned about a thing called "the unconscious". Ever since the days of *New Verse*, Mr. Grigson has enjoyed swimming against the stream, not only in his European culture but in his own. He has replaced sexual freedom and sharing by a mental act of coercion on the body-self and object into extreme stances of submission and humiliation. In this context one can say that the politics of pornography are inherently fascist.

So far, by and large, I have looked only at the negative aspect of pornography. It cannot, however, be denied that a cultural revolution has been realized through pornography, from the Divine Marquis to Saint Genet. To my knowledge nobody has so far tried seriously to account for it; and one cannot write it off as a fortuitous phenomenon. Pornography is both a symptom of specific processes of the devaluation of instinct in a culture as well as in the individual, and an attempt at a cure of the symptom. Hence, my emphasis on the therapeutic involved in pornography. It is necessary now to understand more about

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

# Anonymous and others

GEORFREY GRIGSON (Editor):  
*The Faber Book of Popular Verse*  
336pp. Faber and Faber. £2.50.

Unrespectable Verse  
336pp. Allen Lane 'The Penguin Press' £2.50.

The attraction of anthology-making is its arbitrariness: many are called but few are chosen. Nobody does it better than Geoffrey Grigson, who combines erudition with iconoclasm. Ever since the days of *New Verse*, Mr. Grigson has enjoyed swimming against the stream, not only in his European culture but in his own. He has replaced sexual freedom and sharing by a mental act of coercion on the body-self and object into extreme stances of submission and humiliation. In this context one can say that the politics of pornography are inherently fascist.

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sions which seem like cleanings-up. Many people will know, and most likely have sung, far dirtier variations of "The Old Farmer and His Young Wife" and "Captain Hall". The texts, Mr. Grigson prints, are better poetry than the ones that get bawled at drinking sessions, but they are not so popular or unrespectable. Mr. Grigson ranges widely over the centuries throughout Britain, America and Australia, with the largest representation coming from north of the border. This makes admirable sense, for much of his Scottish material is little known, and all of it is impressive. However, his decision to exclude longer ballads has kept out masterpieces like "The Daemon Lover" and "The Lullaby of the Sea" which would have done well in his sections "Fancies and Fruits of Love" or "The Supernatural". Perhaps he considers such ballads too well-known and too literary.

Mr. Grigson has a taste for eighteenth and nineteenth-century broadsides and for protest and union songs, and he picks a good selection from these. "The Blackleg Miners" is especially fine, and his versions of "The Night before Larry was Stretched" and "Johnny I hardly knew Ye" are better than many in circulation.

You haven't on you and you haven't on you're an eyesee, noseless, chickenless egg. You'll have to be put in a hovel in beg. Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

His liking for the urban and sophisticated is very welcome. "The Unfortunate Miss Bailey" (George Colman the Younger), "The Workhouse Boy", two ditty songs, "Cocaine Lullaby" and "Morphine Sue" and "Willy the Weeper" and the street ballad, "The Undertakers' Club", are all splendid representatives of their genres. Among stanzas of mystification, "If all the world were paper" is a natural forerunner of Rakewell's and Shadow's diet in the auction scene of *The Rake's Progress*. Reading Mr. Grigson's anthology underlines Auden's great debt to traditional popular verse. At the end of the book comes a definitive riddle, following so many poems about death and mortality.

There was a man made a thing, And he that made it did it bring, But he 'twas made for did not know Whether 'twas a thing or no. (A coffin).

Only a couple of poems are common to both anthologies, but one of them is remarkable, the extended Scots beggar-ballad, "Blythesome Bridal", attributed to Francis Sempill. W. E. Henley's version of Villon in nineteenth-century Cockney slang is also a tour-de-force, but Sempill's poem is much more besides. In its patented thieves' language, it moves as smoothly as a Tennyson Idyll, with an effect both elating and disquieting.

And there will be fudges and brochen, With fudges of good gabgabs of skate, Powwowdie, and drammock, and crowdie, And eolter nowfiet in a plate, And there will be parens and buckles,

# Pitching in

F. W. BATESON:  
*Essays in Critical Dissent*  
253pp. Longman. £2.75.

A. E. DYSON:  
*Between Two Worlds*  
157pp. Macmillan. £4.

It would be hard to find two books more dissimilar in sensibility than these studies by the respective co-editors of *Essays in Criticism* and the *Critical Quarterly*. *Essays in Critical Dissent*—twenty-four of them altogether, mostly reprinted from elsewhere—comes about as near as any imaginable selection would to distilling the essential Bateson: its approach is polemical, stoutly idiosyncratic, mixing a seemingly omniscient literary historical knowledge with a dash of briskly pragmatic leonardism. The idols lined up for toppling are familiar enough ones to those already acquainted with Mr. Bateson's literary predilections: bibliographers, textual critics, devotees of linguistics and defenders of the Intentional Fallacy get mopped over the head and shoved firmly into their peripheral places; what ammunition is left over gets used up on targets as diverse as pedantry in learned journals, L. C. Knights' ease on Restoration Comedy, Eliot's "pseudo-learning", anonymity in the TLS and the examination system in English studies.

Mr. Bateson is clearly at his best when pitching with occasionally self-indulgent gusto into the cut-and-thrust of scholarly controversy, the end-battle of debate surrounding literary institutions—journals, examinations, tutorial methods and the rest. Where he seems to pall somewhat, however, is in engaging with the cut-and-thrust of symbolic meanings with a specific literary text. Most of his book is, in a general way, "about" literature, and it is true that few of his ways with such formidably knowledgeable facility around the complicated by-ways of literary practices, approaches, institutions. It is also evident that his assaults on what he sees as dehumanizing scientific invasions of the literary critical realm are launched, not from some loftily dogmatic vantage-point complacently ignorant of his enemies' equipment, but from a closely inward acquaintance with what the enemy is actually up to. But very few indeed of these essays substantiate their author's defence of the paramountcy of literary criticism by actually showing a little of it in action; and those that do—the piece on Housman, for example—are frankly uninspiring.

If the generously expansive range of Mr. Bateson's literary interests leads to a certain thinness of quality in the area of "pure" criticism, such charge could be levelled against A. E. Dyson. Whereas *Essays in Critical Dissent* flits comfortably among a considerable diversity of topics, *Between Two Worlds* is an intense, soberly concentrated project, highly selective in its choice of texts and reverently responsive to their detail. The book, indeed, is an act of almost religious homage to certain major works—Comus, *The Scholar Gypsy*, *The Turn of the Screw*, *Dylan in Venice*, *The Great Gatsby* and *The Trial*—which, the author implies, have come to form part of the inner tissue of his own identity. Compared with *Essays in Critical Dissent*, Mr. Dyson's preoccupations are meta-physical rather than practical, deeply personal rather than (in the first place) theatrical.

The point of *Between Two Worlds* is to draw attention to a relationship between two sets of polarities: on the one hand, certain "moral, psychological or experiential polarities" within a text; on the other hand, the tension between content and form. These two conflicts are interconnected by virtue of a third factor: the relationship between an author and his character. Mr. Dyson contends that Comus, the Scholar Gypsy, James's Governor, Aschenbrenner, Gatsby and Joseph K. are all explorers, seeking to shape their worlds by the reconciliation of particular conflicts within them; as such, their activity offers us analogy to the artist's own business of ordering middle into achieved form.

The highly formalist character of such a critical venture is admitted readily enough by Mr. Dyson, who declares his allegiance to that particular camp from the outset; but whether candidly recognizing one's formalist bent is the same thing as avoiding its dangers is a different matter. The obvious questions have to be asked: can these six characters be quite so easily pried out of their vastly different cultural contexts, in search of a unifying thesis? If the conflict between form and content is part of the book's subject-matter, it is equally a problem of its method—of the uneasy relation between individual chapters and a slumping theme. One symptom of this uneasiness is a contrast between the rich and complex ambivalence of the general thesis, as Mr. Dyson outlines it in the Prologue and Epilogue, and the disappointingly conventional nature of some of the individual analyses, which tend quite often to devote more of their space to patient, step-by-step explication and reasonably familiar critical argument (as the Governor really paranoid?) than to a consistent illumination of the text's detail in the light of the book's general, potentially highly fertile theme. The theme, in other words, tends to disappear underground for certain stretches of the book, and crops up with full force only in the Prologue and Epilogue. If this is better than the general thesis remorselessly twisting particular analyses to its own demands, it is still something less than satisfactory.

# The making of Bluebeard

JEAN BENEDETTI:  
*Gilles de Rais*  
207pp. Peter Davies. £2.75.

The life of Gilles de Rais, itself so monstrous and incomprehensible even to himself, passed very soon into legend, the red-bearded Marshal of France becoming the Bluebeard of fairy story. There is little likelihood of fresh evidence being adduced and the task of a modern biographer is to sift the conflicting material and produce a convincing interpretation; this is what Jean Benedetti has done.

He urges the necessity of seeing Gilles de Rais in the context of the life and politics of the first half of the fifteenth century: Nothing could be more misleading than to regard him as some kind of monster, thrown up by nature but existing essentially outside the order of things. It is important, at the outset, to emphasize how typical he was of his period, how representative of his contemporaries. The difference between Gilles and his contemporaries was one of *scale*. In an age of extravagance he was super-extravagant; in an age of crime he was a super-criminal.

It should be added that he was a loner. In a society where base behaviour could be pardoned if it was to advance the power and fortunes of the family, the grossest offence was the disavowal of the family's fortunes. In *Polities de grandeur*, Benedicti, treachery, rapine, even murder were acceptable provided that they did not deplete the family inheritance. Gilles de Rais violated the code of his class less by his seduction and murder of children or his invocation of demons and alchemical magic than by his refusal to accommodate himself to the changing practices of his time.

Gilles de Rais was born in 1404, heir of a dynastic marriage which united vast estates in the Duchy of Brittany and the Kingdom of France. From the start he was more a pawn than a person, advanced rapidly to power by moves beyond his control. In 1415 both his parents died, and a conflict ensued for the custody of Gilles and his younger brother René de la Roche. His grandfather, Jean de Craon, took temporary possession of Gilles and, in the family estate, Gilles grew up pampered and unloved. Lackeys lavished

when, in the hope of punishment, he misbehaved. Mr. Benedetti depicts very well the sort of fertility that the chivalrous life was for Gilles's contemporaries, a sort of eurydice in which the Kings of France and England, the Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy and their attendant lords went through military motions in pursuit of fame and fortune. The jockeying for position which Jean de Craon, Gilles's grandfather, and made his speciality still continued. Following that tradition, Gilles signed a contract binding himself to Georges de la Trémoille, the right-hand man of the Dauphin.

This was to April, 1429, a month after Joan of Arc's arrival at the Dauphin's court. Joan impressed him, possibly, more than anybody he had met. Mr. Benedetti believes that Joan was at the same time a Christian and a member of a white witch cult which had representatives at court. Gilles was the first of the military leaders who came to believe that Joan was not merely a useful charismatic symbol but also a commander whose judgment was better than those of his fellow aristocrats.

One reason why Joan prevailed was that she forbade the plunder, rape, looting and murder of the civilian population, which were the favourite relaxations of the soldiery. While serving with Joan, Gilles de Rais observed her code. During this period, lasting less than twenty months, he was more integrated, happy and successful than at any other time in his life. Joan provided the discipline and idealism which he had not received from his mother, father, grandfather or teachers, and gave him a comradeship he achieved with no other man or woman.

Mr. Benedetti believes that Joan performed the role of the Maid in a witch cult, seeing no inconsistency between the old religion with its white magic and Christianity with its own magic rituals. Her "voices", according to this theory, were the consoling of superior members of the good of France (or themselves). The because Joan gained military confidence or ceased to have a useful role in matter only for conjecture.

At first sight, Gilles de Rais's abandonment of the cause of Joan, his apparent indifference to her fate at the stake, contradicts the belief that he ever felt loyalty to the Maid. His behaviour becomes explicable if he is seen as a psychopath developing schizophrenia. The Orleans episode may appear objectively noble but subjectively it was an ill-sustained attempt to recapture innocence on the part of a young man who had been corrupted in early childhood. After Joan fell to sustain the siege of Paris he had no use for her. Nor had he much use for battle after the raising of the siege of Lancy in 1432. Without the restraining influence of Joan, Gilles allowed his troops to exploit their victory by pillage and plunder.

Gilles de Rais secured his military victories by the regular payment of his own troops. This placed a severe strain on his great, but not inexhaustible, resources. Had he used his power and wealth with the cunning of Jean de Craon he would have replenished his coffers as fast as they were drained. But from March, 1434, onwards he retired into a world of fantasy, in which his good and evil selves enacted a drama which could only culminate in tragic death.

His marriage had been a failure, and after the birth of a daughter in 1429 his wife ceased to live with him. He turned his love and hatred to children, often fair-skinned and fair-haired, like himself. Some he fondled, violated, and murdered. Others he cherished as "little angels" to sing in his Chapel of the Holy Innocents. These were the two aspects of his schizophrenic nature.

On the tenth anniversary of the raising of the siege of Orleans, Gilles staged in that city "Le Miracle du Siège d'Orléans". There were 600 players in this pageant. All material, even rags being made from fine cloth slashed to tatters. Unhappily, the cost of an audience of thousands was raised by sales and mortgages. More than any single act, this made inevitable the financial ruin which he must unconsciously have desired.

The sexual murders of children continued, unreported by the terrified parents so long as Gilles retained sufficient power to be useful to his fellow nobles of France or Brittany. As he became increasingly obsessed for money he turned to alchemy, prepared to promise the devil everything except his soul. In fits of remorse he would vow to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and in the return to lust would murder another brace of children, made ritual sacrifice of children for alchemical purposes. In his madness, the compartments remained watertight.

Monstrous as his crimes were, his trial did not take place until he had so weakened his position that he was no use to anyone, even public example. He made a penitent. When condemned, lured and hurled with plumes, Potin and Hamlet, to be executed first, to be gund example, since he had them into crime, and so he should not suspect that he had pardoned after they had died.

The court was so moved by the contribution that it decreed he should be removed from the scaffold before it burst open and he hurried in a church of his choice was pampered and privileged no such consideration; he turned to a cinder and the scattered.

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# Opting for sanity

FRANÇOISE DOLTO:  
*Le cas Dominique*  
256pp. Paris: Seuil. 24 fr.

One of the problems of clarifying psychanalytic processes is that a full account of a complete treatment, even if it can be reproduced, is voluminous. Episodes from psychoanalytic sessions that seem interesting fund perhaps flattering to the author are written up to illustrate one theoretical point or another, but there are few complete accounts of one patient's task was made easier by the fact that the treatment described in her book was limited by the patient's parents to twelve sessions only, but within that time a striking rapport and progress was established.

Dominique, a fourteen-year-old who since the birth of his sister had been the family's favourite, was referred to the author for diagnosis and advice. She considered that he was potentially of normal intelligence but on the borderline of psychosis, and recommended psychoanalytic treatment. He was brought by his mother for twelve widely-spaced sessions until his father, who believed that an operation on the "mathematical centre" of the brain would be more useful, forbade further

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# Evolution of a conservative

ROGER KOJECKY:  
*G. S. Eliot's Social Criticism*  
255pp. Faber and Faber. £3.

Roger Kojecky's study of Eliot's social thinking is an informative and comprehensive survey which chooses a chronological, primarily biographical, approach to its subject. After a preliminary, slightly perfunctory chapter on Eliot's debt to Coleridge and Arnold, there follows a close account of Eliot's development, moving from the early humanist influences of Babbalanja, on to *The Waste Land*, *The Criterion*, *Maurice* and the *Four Quartets*. Social Criticism, finally, to the fully-fledged later Eliot conservatism.

Mr. Kojecky has dug out the complicated details of Eliot's cross-

ing literary and cultural associations with the sort of impressive assiduity which one might expect of a book which began life as a postgraduate thesis. But "thesis" in another sense, is precisely what the study seems to lack. The account is meticulously researched but colourless; it lacks a case, and makes curiously little of the wealth of material it presents. The subject-matter throws up few personal evaluations: the Conclusion offers few conclusions. It is possible that Mr. Kojecky, aware as he clearly is of the controversial climate of opinion surrounding his chosen topic, decided to play safe, despite his explicitly stated commitment to an exploration of the defensibility of Eliot's positions. As a result, the book is admirably balanced but depressingly uninspired.

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# One event after another

P. M. HOLT, ANN K. S. LAMBERTON  
and HERNARD LEWIS (Editors):  
The Cambridge History of Islam  
Volume 1: The Central Islamic  
World, 610-750. 813pp. £6.

Volume 2: The Further Islamic  
World, 750-1500. 813pp. £7.  
Cambridge University Press.

M. A. SHABAN:  
Islamic History A.D. 600-750 (A.I.I.  
132).  
196pp. Cambridge University Press.  
£3.20.

The perennial Western interest in Eastern religions has somehow generally managed to bypass Islam. Sufism, it is true, is currently in vogue, but it is a Sufism almost wholly removed from its Islamic context. In this age of paperback Buddhism, general familiarity with Islam is probably little greater than it was when Dante cast the Prophet into the Circle of Fraud among the Sowers of Discord. This seems curious in view of Europe's important historical and cultural links with the Islamic world, to say nothing of geographical proximity. Islam as a revealed religion claimed to be the fulfilment of the earlier Jewish and Christian revelations. Islam as a secular power was one of the heirs of the Roman Empire and therefore a permanent factor in European power politics. Islam as a culture absorbed much of the Greek heritage which it later transmitted to Europe, together with its own original achievements in mathematics and medicine. Yet however close the association, its nature has not been such as to

encourage mutual understanding and sympathy. With the coming of Islam the East-West frontier was advanced from Mesopotamia to the shores of the Mediterranean and beyond, and for nearly a thousand years Europe and Christendom stood on the defensive. Islam's very kinship with Christianity made it easier for Christian polemicists to portray it as a heresy and to deny it any claim to originality. In later centuries the balance of power swung just as violently in the other direction. Significantly, however, this has not led to a more sympathetic understanding of Islam. Europeans were quick to equate Islam with conservatism and decadence, and as supplementary evidence for the truth of this equation there were always Burton's erotica close at hand.

What seems more curious is that this estrangement has remained virtually untouched by the considerable attention paid to Islam by Western scholars. It must surely come as a surprise to many people to learn that Islamic studies have now been going on in the West for well over two centuries. Although Islamic scholarship has made considerable progress, it has done so in almost complete isolation from other fields of scholarship.

The isolation of Islamic studies owes much to the lack of interest shown by governments and universities, and something to the traditional exclusiveness of orientalists themselves. In Lord Auckland's Minute which ended the long argument of the early nineteenth century between "anglicists" and "orientalists" over Indian education, he remarked that "oriental scholars are apt to be un-

duly prepossessed in favour of acquisitions obtained by much labour and to which they are indebted for reputation". Unfortunately this has all too often been the case. Islamicists have tended to attach undue importance to purely linguistic skills, forgetting that Islamic studies are just as much a branch of history, geography, sociology, comparative literature, and so on. However, in recent years much has been done to correct the balance, and this might therefore seem a suitable moment for launching such a project as *The Cambridge History of Islam*. The outcome, as it turns out, is sadly disappointing.

Too much still sounds as if it were written by scholars trained as linguists rather than as historians. There is often room for history, but never for the dry recitation of events that covers page after page of the *Cambridge History*. This is especially true of the chapters in Volume Two dealing with Islam in Africa and Asia, where often little or no attempt appears to have been made to distinguish what is significant from what is not. By far the worst example of this approach is the chapter on Islamic art and architecture, which resembles nothing so much as a valuer's inventory of household effects.

This criticism might seem to suggest that the *Cambridge History* is at least comprehensive. It is not. The Muslim world is divided into Sunnites and Shi'ites, yet nowhere in the *Cambridge History* is Shi'ism properly discussed. This omission is particularly regrettable because the

subject has for so long been so inadequately dealt with in the West. Nor is it easy to understand why Islamic political theory should have been passed over in complete silence. The constant and ultimately unsuccessful attempt to relate the reality of political life to an unworkable Islamic ideal illuminates both the political history and the Islamic outlook in general.

Too often, however, the alternative to omitting a topic altogether appears to be maximum confusion combined with minimum enlightenment. This passage on the Persian mystical poet, Rumi, is itself of a mystic impenetrability:

His genius, like the touch of a magician, is able to turn everything that comes his way into poetry, and let cosmic elements become humble tools to his devouring and restless imagination. In his capture he often stretches the possibility of words and images to the utmost limit, occasionally approaching a ravishing unintelligibility.

But worse, because more pretentious, is this from G. E. von Gruneblum, an American Islamicist of considerable reputation:

That a civilization should have nearly identifiable sources... tends to imply, at least, as a metaphor, the idea of a blending, amalgamation resulting from the number of pre-existing historic ingredients. Since obviously these ingredients can be recognized only in retrospect, that is to say through the analysis of the unit in which they are submerged or active, a teleological outlook is apt to guide the eye of the diagnostician, who also may find it difficult to see himself outside from the organicism inherent in the image whose pervasiveness only too readily obscures its

purely nominalist function. That the state of Islamic history might be described as a "nominalist function" is hardly a ringing endorsement. The *Cambridge History* might be described as a "nominalist function" in the sense that it is a collection of essays by a variety of scholars, each of whom has his own view of the subject. The book is a collection of essays, each of which is a study in itself. The book is a collection of essays, each of which is a study in itself.

Dr Shaban sets out to do this in the first chapter of Islamic history, but not a more convincing demonstration of standing tribal partialities, for an inevitable consequence of a familiar imperialist structure, is that the view of the world is distorted. The Umayyads were brought about as a result of a familiar imperialist structure, is that the view of the world is distorted. The Umayyads were brought about as a result of a familiar imperialist structure, is that the view of the world is distorted.

The situation in which Rosamond McGuinness found herself may not be so very different from the impossible experienced by Southey. A book she must write, publish or perish; but she soon discovered that little of the music or poetry has much aesthetic value. This remark in her preface is slightly modified in her conclusion, where it is admitted that only Percival was truly a genius.

We have before us, then, a volume claiming in lengthy unadorned prose and clearly based on considerable research, all of which adds up to a somewhat negative result, so that the reader may well begin to wonder whether he is the victim of an egregiously academic practical joke. It is an established fact that those who write dissertations deal not infrequently with material of dubious artistic value, but since the reason d'être of the work resides in the necessity of the discoveries, the illumination they bring to greater matters, and the proof of the writer's technical ability to research and to some extent reshape the raw elements involved, no great harm is

ROSAMOND MCGUINNESS:  
English Court Odes 1660-1820.  
200pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford  
University Press. £7.

Hard on the heels of Albert Dimmick's monumental study of occasional music in the Renaissance, *Die Staatsmottete* (reviewed in the TLS, February 12, 1971), comes a detailed study of a peculiarly English musical phenomenon, the court ode for the monarch's birthday, for his homecoming after a journey, or for New Year's Day. As early as the reign of Henry VIII, poets and composers collaborated in the occasional duty of providing a song for the New Year, and this custom appears to have developed and continued until the early nineteenth century, when the Master of the King's Music, Lord Indiscreetly on Handel and the Post Laureate wrote to a friend: "My last employment has been an Ode on Jan. 1. I was in good hope that this silly custom had been dispensed with, but on making inquiry through Croker, the reply was that an Ode I must write."

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## Central and peripheral

RONALD STEVENSON:  
Western Music.  
216pp. Kahn and Averill. £2.50.  
Larousse Encyclopedia of Music.  
Edited by Geoffrey Hindley.  
Introduction by Anthony Hopkins.  
376pp. Including 700 illustrations.  
Hamlyn. £6.30.

It is a truism that music, being a non-verbal art, is difficult to talk or write about. Nothing one says can amount to more than personal whim unless, starting from a precise description of what happens in musical terms, one proceeds to relate these aural events to their physiological and psychological effects. Particularly, at once scrupulous and sensitive, is essential if words about music are to be meaningful, and particularly inevitably becomes more elusive the more far-ranging the attempted historical survey. Histories of music—even more than histories of literature, which are at least written in the same language as the artefacts they discuss—would thus seem to be doomed from the start.

There are two ways of effecting a partial salvage operation. One is for the historian to make so canny a selection of representative instances that, when analysed with a fair degree of particularity, they may stand, acceptably if not entirely adequately, for a whole; the other is for the historian to make a virtue of necessity, to delve to the bottom of the problems which face him, and of course, to make a virtue of necessity, to delve to the bottom of the problems which face him, and of course, to make a virtue of necessity, to delve to the bottom of the problems which face him.

inexpert) reader have time and inclination.

Ronald Stevenson's book belongs to the latter type. It is brief, and a glance at the index would suggest that it covers an immense field—the entire musical history of Western Christendom, with vasty comprehensive asides on ethnic pre-history and non-Western musical cultures (thrown in for good measure). In fact, it makes virtually no attempt to analyse how music functions; to distinguish between the musical conventions of groups of composers; still less to assess the particularities that make a composer's idiom *his* idiom. None the less, the book serves a purpose; and does so, quite simply, because it is the creation of a remarkable man. As composer, pianist, and teacher Mr Stevenson has high technical competence combined with sterling character; the impressive range and passionate human commitment of his musicianship cannot be ignored, even by those who find some of his enthusiasms unconvincing. So when he writes a history one knows that—however inadequate, even perfunctory, it must inevitably be—it will none the less offer pointers that will stimulate through their very quixoticism.

Superficially, one might think it odd that so small a book on so large and central a subject should include so substantial paragraphs on such apparently peripheral material as prehistoric ancient Chinese music, and eccentric figures such as Grainger, Scriabin, and Godowsky. Looking back, having read the book, one realizes that the validity of the inclusion of such marginal material is the book's innermost heart. Those who think they know most that they need to know about

quote only one—a New Year's song by Staggins—and that not quite accurately as regards the lyrics. Another Staggins entry in the accounts for August 27, 1692, is more important in that it cites a warrant for the then considerable sum of £52 2s 6d "for fair writing and pricking of compositions for the Coronation Day and the Queen's Birthday".

This, however, is a detail: the overall plan is another matter. Taking the fifth chapter (Blow and Purcell, 1680-1700) as an example, it soon becomes clear what is wrong, for not only single works are discussed as an entity, its severed limbs—solos, choruses, ensembles, instrumental movements—are dispersed along with other like categories in a number of artificially arranged subsections, all of which are mysteriously repeated just at the point when the reader thinks he has come to the end of this painful process of vivisection. After a brief introduction we have a heading for "Choruses" under which are analysed the main features of Blow's and Purcell's choral writing in their odes. Then comes a section on "Instrumental Movements", subdivided into "Overtures and Symphonies" and "Other Instrumental Movements"; a section on "Vocal Numbers", subdivided into "Solos" and "Ensembles"; a few remarks on "Integrative Techniques" and "Development of Styles"; all of which is followed by an odd paragraph labelled "William Turner".

This is odd not only because it deals with a composer rather than aspects of style but because it offers a mild and exotic treat—an account of a complete ode, Turner's *Oh mighty prince*. But the treat is less appetizing than it looks, for the reader is constantly frustrated by the sad lack of dissertation. The one movement introduction is "akin to part of a French overture but thematically not related to the following vocal movements (why must it be?) and it is not repeated (should it be?)". Then we have two symphonies, one of which is "reminiscent of Blow's ode for January 1680" (research into the earlier portion of the book reveals its proper title is *The New*

*Year is begun*, but it is not available in any modern edition, so that the point of the Turner-Blow comparison is lost); while the other symphony is reminiscent of no other in particular. This unfortunately recalls the bureaucratic rule that nil nisi bene must be made.

He also "includes shorter ritornelli" (but a ritornello is by definition shorter than a symphony), the vocal movements "consist mainly" of solos, the brief choruses are "chiefly choral", the ode is "more banal" than any by Blow or Purcell, and—as a coup de grâce—"undoubtedly it served its function: it has little more to recommend it". In this way we are told what the ode is like, and what it is not like, and how it is chiefly this and mainly that but in the long run is not worth bothering about. Oh for a Winton Dean or a Charles Cudworth to relate to us the life and substance of these works, good, bad, or indifferent as they may be, for even the oddest and most odious ode can be discussed with sharp critical insight and devastating wit!

But this is not all. After Turner there is a gap on the page, with no heading at all, no signpost to direct the reader along his thorny and tedious path. It leads, however, to a comparison in general terms of Blow and Purcell, not unlike the preceding material, for on turning the page the astonished eye perceives yet another series of subsections: "Instrumental Movements", "Overtures and Symphonies", and "Other Instrumental Movements"; and so on all the way down the list, except that this time "Choruses" are filed under "Vocal Numbers". Perhaps the cards were wrongly shuffled? Whatever the explanation, the entire rignarole is gone through again, possibly from a very slightly different angle, but still starting so hard at the stunted trees and the tangled undergrowth that the not unattractive distant view of the wood now becomes apparent.

The only other complete description of an ode occurs on page 80, where an entire paragraph is devoted to "Locke's short ode". Unfortunately we are not even given its title or year at this point, and curiously sends us once again to the chronology, there to discover that its title is *All things that certain parts have* and its date 1666. Further delving into endnotes provides some interesting proof of the occasion for which it was written, and a guess that Lanier was the author of the text. Thus by patient hunting one can at last piece together this strange jigsaw puzzle, for one could not have done so by searching in the index. There, under Locke and the title of the ode, no reference is given to the page on which the main discussion can be found!

The fleeting years cannot be stayed but something from them can be caught and held even if it is only an album of photographs. One thinks of Vaughan Williams as a composer of music rather than as a transcriber of Homer's Ode which forms the epilogue to this mainly pictorial biography of him, but he did both for the Abinger pageant of 1938. He did many other things in his long life—served in the army, went on working tours with his friend Gustav Holst, dug his garden, collected folk-songs, played tennis, served on committees. The snapshots in this family album show all these activities even when, as is the way with snapshots, they are under-exposed. More formal pictures show him receiving honours, degrees, rebars, conducting, relaxing with friends and bowling

Other attempts to use the index are fraught with disappointment, even when a comparatively well-known work like Purcell's "Come ye sons of art" is in question. The disjecta membra of masterpieces suffer the same fate as the lesser fry, and confusion is added to vexation because titles of odes and incipits of solos and choruses are listed in exactly the same way. Under Purcell, for example, an uncommonly fortunate alphabetical sequence pulls together three references to the same work, although there is nothing to tell the reader as much: "Now does the glorious day appear" is the title of the ode, "Now, now with one united voice" is the final chorus of that ode, and the undesigned "Ode for the birthday, 1689" refers in fact to the first of the three entries. Looking up all three references is hardly worth the labour involved, since not a phrase can be found to assess this masterpiece at its true worth. It is true that a footnote to page 139 informs us that "Westrup has discussed the songs in the birthday odes in op. cit. pp. 183-90", but the most diligent search through preceding footnotes (although it uncovers two further "op. cit." references) fails to reveal what work the author is intent on citing.

There are other unfortunate lapses in the book. On page 171 a sentence comes to a half-halt in the middle of a line, makes way for no less than three entire pages of musical examples, cheerfully continuing its course on page 174, while the reader is presumably still digesting the forty theme-beginnings which have been hurled at him. Some of the music, too, seems hardly to fulfil its true function in the book, for when the homophonic style of Eccles and Clarke is under consideration on page 148 the incipits of ten first violin parts are suddenly tossed in, when the aspect of style in question would have been much better displayed by one sizable extract in full score. In the example from Blow's "Yet all the joyful sounds they make", on page 117, the barring obscures two hemiolas which, correctly noted, would have removed a few crudities from the declamation. We are not told that this song comes from the ode entitled *With cheerful hearts*, so that once again the index treats ode and song as individual and totally unrelated things.

If the author had been advised to follow for a few years and forget the dissertation, then return with a brilliant and readable study of this genuinely fascinating facet of English musical life, the result would have been a book worth having. The present volume, in spite of all the effort put into it by everyone concerned, ranks as little more than a non-book.

## R. V. W. in pictures

JOHN E. LUNN and URSULA VAUGHAN WILLIAMS:  
Ralph Vaughan Williams.  
119pp. Oxford University Press.  
£3.30.

The fleeting years cannot be stayed but something from them can be caught and held even if it is only an album of photographs. One thinks of Vaughan Williams as a composer of music rather than as a transcriber of Homer's Ode which forms the epilogue to this mainly pictorial biography of him, but he did both for the Abinger pageant of 1938. He did many other things in his long life—served in the army, went on working tours with his friend Gustav Holst, dug his garden, collected folk-songs, played tennis, served on committees. The snapshots in this family album show all these activities even when, as is the way with snapshots, they are under-exposed. More formal pictures show him receiving honours, degrees, rebars, conducting, relaxing with friends and bowling

acknowledgements. The story is told mainly in captions but the picture area is supplemented with a chronology, a list of works, and an essay on the family background. This family background was legal on his father's side, though his father was actually a parson, but on his mother's side there were Darwins and Wedgwoods. Three eighteenth-century portraits reproduced here show fairly strong resemblances to the earliest photo of R. V. W. himself at the age of four shows a face, though not a figure, recognizable eighty years later. Hardly less pleasing in the memories evoked in any one, except the very young, who turns over the pages of this scrapbook will be the other musicians of three generations who appear to endlessly different contexts. From Grove and Elgar through Holst and Howells, to Sargent and Barbirolli and Tippett, not to mention players and singers who appeared at Leith Hill and Three Choirs Festivals, a panorama of English musical life in the twentieth century is unfolded.

## Fiddling with the Traditions

IGNAZ GOLDZHER:  
Muslim Traditions.  
Edited by S. M. Stern.  
Translated by C. R. Barber and S. M. Stern.  
Volume 2.  
378pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.50.

The first volume of the English translation of *Muslim Traditions* was published in 1967 and S. M. Stern had prepared this second part, adding modern footnotes, before his death in 1969, since when a colleague has seen the work through the press. Although published in 1970 Goldzher's classic work remains of great interest and value and the present book contains the long and detailed studies of the Hadith, the "Traditions", and the veneration of saints.

From the early years of Islam attempts were made to order, individual and social life by standards held to be guaranteed from oral traditions of the Prophet or from the Sunna, the religious and legal usage of the oldest Muslim community, and the two became virtually synonymous. In the first century of Umayyad rule the pious preserved or discovered Traditions to maintain fervour, while the secular government invented Traditions to suit their own purposes. So the calligrapher 'Abd al-Malik of Damascus tried to stop pilgrimage to Mecca by getting a theologian to attribute a saying to Muhammad whereby people could make pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which was under the caliph's control.

Although the religious side of government was strengthened when the 'Abbasid rule succeeded to the Umayyad, this did not stop the use of Traditions to support religious, political and secular practices. The 'Abbasids were the very mouth of the Prophet and spoke of the "light of prophecy" shining from the forehead of the prince. The Baghdad court was more pious than that of Damascus, and while not lecturing that drinking should not be seen in public.

The caliph al-Muhtad justified racing pigeons which was condemned by theologians, by persuading a scholar to produce a Tradition which allowed racing to animals with ovals, hoops or wings. Particularly important

were the "calming" Traditions that taught that even a wicked government must be obeyed since God alone could bring it down, so true believers must be patient and not join revolutionary parties. This was vital for orthodox Islam which held that the caliphate was not hereditary but depended upon the will of the community, and the Shi'a followers of 'Ali who claimed a family succession were rejected by Traditions such as that which made Muhammad say that 'Ali's father, his own uncle and protector, was sitting in hell. The Shi'a replied with Traditions of their own, and every stream of opinion, religious and secular, found ancient justifications for its way.

In time religious and rationalist reactions set in against the profusion of faked Traditions, and the easiest way was what Goldzher called "a most remarkable phenomenon in the history of literature". This was the pious manner in which fabricated Traditions were countered by further fabricated Traditions ascribed to the Prophet, who was said to have had premonitions of the falsifications and warned against them. More seriously both ironical poets ridiculed the inventors of Tradition, and the traditionalists themselves developed methods of criticism. Obvious falsifications were excluded by inner and outer contradictions, and the trustworthiness of transmitting authorities was closely examined.

Great significance was attached to the chain of transmitters which was called the *isnad*, "support", of the Tradition. But provided the *isnad* was considered reliable then even impossible or anachronistic Traditions could be regarded as worthy of credit. Thus the Prophet was held to have indicated places in various parts of the Islamic world at which pilgrims should begin their formal *hajj*, and critics accepted this for because of anachronism but because of a doubtful *isnad*. Collections of Traditions became collections of *isnads*, and long journeys were undertaken simply to enable the authorities to be held to support extravagant Traditions. The great authorities for the collections of Traditions were Bukhari and Muslim,

both in the third Islamic century, and their works, along with four collections of laws and legal customs, form the "six books" of canonical Tradition and the principal sources of traditional law for Sunni Islam. In modern times, however, criticism of Traditions has become more acute and many of them are rejected as inferior or worthless.

Goldzher gives the common view that in early Islam there was held to be an insurmountable barrier dividing an unapproachable God from powerless humanity, without perhaps allowing enough for the religious

## Intellectual craftsmanship

D. M. DUNLOP:  
Arab Civilization to A.D. 1500.  
368pp. Longman. £4.25.

The title of D. M. Dunlop's book raises a large question. Can one civilization designate as "Arab" the lands conquered during the first centuries of Islam? Admittedly the conquerors were mainly, but not exclusively, Arabs, as was not first the ruling elite, but Arab political hegemony soon dwindled after the eighth century, and as time passed, Iranians, Turks, Mongols and Circassians became the rulers of the heartlands of the fragmented and defunct Arab empire.

Certainly by the sixteenth century the mass of the subject population was Arabic-speaking and regarded itself as Arab-descended. But this is the consequence of a long and complex process of Arabization, which Professor Dunlop does not examine. True also that Arabic, as the language of the divine revelation, was a unifying factor, and that the superiority in religion, while with Islam it was one of the two great cultural media of the region, but the civilization of the region, in that period, was, as Professor Dunlop himself shows, a great and continuing synthesis of diverse elements—Hellenistic, Persian and others—

wrought by craftsmen of the intellect, few of whom were ethnically Arabs. Another question which this book raises concerns the intended readership. It is one volume in the "Arab Background Series" which, in the words of the editor, "will provide the reader with a series of books which will clarify the historical past of Arab, and analyse their present-day problems". In scope it appears intended to be addressed to the general reader. After a brief historical survey, there are chapters dealing in turn with Arabic literature, history and historians, geography and travel, philosophy, science and medicine, and some famous women in Islam. A wide range, although one may regret the author's deliberate omission of religion and law, which were central to the civilization.

In those aspects with which he does deal, the result is disappointing. The presentation of material is discursive and anecdotal; there is little attempt to relate cultural developments to the changing social background. Much space is devoted to what are in effect unannotated catalogues of writings, while on occasion the author deals at some length with the minutiae of specialized scholarship. While the solid basis of his careful documentation, provided by the notes, Professor Dunlop does not communicate the broad sweep of cultural history, nor does he offer many interpretative insights into the

data he presents. One suspects the general reader will come away confused and dissatisfied, while specialist will find his material the sources cited (including Professor Dunlop's own research) rather than in this more widely-known survey.

## Himalayan

NARI RUSTOMJI:  
Enchanted Frontiers.  
Sikkim, Bhutan and India's North-East Frontier Borderlands.  
333pp. Oxford University Press. £4.50.

More perhaps than any other book Nari Rustomji was responsible for the outstanding success of the North-East Frontier Administration, which, before the Chinese took over the foundations for a new peace and prosperity among the inhabitants of what was almost incognita, save for some Christian missionary enterprises. This humane and delightful book will be read with pleasure by all who know the area it covers. It is the best possible introduction to a region of the problems which face him, and of course, to make a virtue of necessity, to delve to the bottom of the problems which face him, and of course, to make a virtue of necessity, to delve to the bottom of the problems which face him.

عبدالله بن عبدالمطلب











## Folk talk

MARTYN F. WAKELIN (Editor):  
Patterns in the Folk Speech of the  
British Isles  
204pp. Athlone Press, £4.

This collection of essays by nine different authors appears as a paragon to the recently completed publications of the Leeds Survey of English Dialects (1962-71), whose first volume was reviewed here at some length (TLS, December 19, 1963). Four essays, in fact, range beyond the selected limits of the Survey. Robert Gregg describes the dialect boundaries in Ulster, David Parry discusses on the speech varieties of south-east Wales, and J. Y. Mather records the specialized jargon of Scottish east-coast fishermen. Though Peter Wright's study of mining terms is mainly concerned with Yorkshire and Midland coalfields, he extends it to include South Wales and the Scottish Lowlands.

These essays present much first-

hand information that is not readily available elsewhere. They are expertly organized, and they have been most carefully edited. In these days when we are witnessing some of a 'Tennysonian revival', Philip Tilling's examination of that poet's early Lincolnshire verses is exceptionally valuable; but the longest and most substantial monograph is undoubtedly that by Dr Gregg on Ulster, where three (not two) language types are shown to exist today 'in sharp confrontation'. Dr Gregg was born in Antrim at Glenties, just four miles south of Larne, the main part of entry for Scots throughout the whole period of settlement. He here summarizes the results of many years of scientific investigation and his authentic and original map of the Province showing the present regional distribution of the Gaelic, Scots, and Anglo-Irish dialects, surely merits close attention.

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## Getting Beowulf on tape

ANGUS CAMERON, ROBERTA FRANK and JOHN LEVERIE (Editors):  
Computers and Old English Concordances  
127pp. Toronto University Press.  
London: Oxford University Press, £4.25.

In March 1969 an international conference was held at the University of Toronto... to review the present state of work on computer concordances of Old English texts and to explore the possibilities for beginning work on a large-scale Old English dictionary. This volume contains the proceedings of that conference.

This blurb of *Computers and Old English Concordances*. The editors take pride that their published proceedings 'represent as nearly as possible what was said' during the two-day conference. This decision preserves all that is trivial in conferences—the opening remarks, introduction of speakers, polite responses, inane asides, and often pointless questions that are to be expected *in situ* but hardly in print. One suspects that ease and speed of editing dictated the book's format, but if so, the long lapse between conference and printed proceedings is unjustifiable. However, if the format serves no other purpose, it is valuable as a warning to triflers that even bloomers from the floor can be enshrined in print.

The fifty-one participants, mainly Americans and Canadians with handful of Europeans, ultimately reach agreement on certain priorities for Old English studies: that an international clearing-house be established to disseminate information; that scholars be made aware of the pitfalls of arbitrary decisions in computing which retard 'compatibility of encoding... storage, and... output'; and that an editorial board be appointed to begin a long-awaited Old English dictionary, preferably of the scope and accuracy of Krapp and Dobbin's six-volume *The Anglo-Saxon Poetic Records* (New York, 1931-53), on which it would largely be based.

The papers presented are often as interesting for the particular biases they reveal as for their content. Pierre Ducret represents most North American scholars (who have been conditioned to believe that punched-cards are the only viable means of data input) in his mistaken insistence that '[magical] tapes get erased and you can't handle paper tapes because you cannot read what's on them'. Not surprisingly, he then laments that his cards (which are inordinately wasteful of space) pose formidable storage problems, as well as tending to deteriorate in humid conditions. However, his account of his problems arising from the humanist's need to extract his data to assistants, who are neither conversant with nor interested in his particular problem, should be

read by all prospective computer users.

Inevitably, some of the problems confronting the scholar in 1969 already seem historically quaint. For example, concordances and indexes need no longer avoid 'tables [or] plotted graphs... [synthesizing] the quantitative analysis that has gone on', since CUST and other well-documented programmes for graphic formats are now generally available. Similarly, the incompatibility of encoding experienced by scholars wishing to share programmes is certainly becoming less of a problem as the number of available programming languages and dialects has tended to diminish with a consequent rise in the status of the survivors.

The editorial policy of publishing all that only the spoken record of the conference results in missives of important material, especially when one considers the chuff sented. Three pages are devoted to the widespread difficulty experienced by computing centres in acquiring high-quality type-slugs of Old English characters. This lends to the

## Progress report

R. A. WISBEY (Editor):  
The Computer to Literary and Linguistic Research  
309pp. Cambridge University Press, £6.20.

All too frequently the published proceedings of specialist conferences in the humanities are disappointing exercises of doubtful value to their discipline. This unfortunately produced volume is a substantial and welcome exception to the general rule. It contains revised versions of papers given at a symposium in Cambridge in 1970, at which scholars who by one means or another had become involved with computational techniques in their literary researches came together to discuss common problems and objectives, and to report on their own individual projects. What emerges most clearly is that the infancy of computer-assisted literary research is at last over, and that positive and meaningful progress is being made on many fronts.

Until very recently, papers and articles on work of this nature have tended to be apologetic and unsure of themselves: results were promised for some nebulous future date when certain supposedly minor difficulties were overcome, but there was a distinct lack of tangible achievement. One positive outcome—and a rather painful one for literary scholar and linguist alike—was the discovery that computers refuse to accept imprecisely formulated definitions of terms like 'style' and 'this brought with it a desirable intensification of research effort towards more rigorous interpretations. The twenty-six papers cover a

wide and representative range of topics from lexicography, editing and poetry generation to computer applications in oral studies and programming for literary research; in general the standard is very high, both from point of view of scholarship and also—surprisingly, perhaps, for a specialized subject—from readability and clarity of presentation. A few of the papers describe work in progress, giving detailed information on techniques employed, but the majority are of specific use to scholars operating in the same related areas as well as of general interest.

The chief strength of *The Computer to Literary and Linguistic Research* is that the papers reporting on actual achievements are readable and meaningful, and from the modest scale of the symposium analysis of Cornish's sonnets to the grand level of category operations on the 'word world' Brown University Study Corpus of Present-Day American English.

What has long been needed is a book which can perform the functions of textbook for the student, of reference work for the scholar who has already done some work in the field and who discovers what has and has not been achieved to date. This volume admirably fills this dual role and R. A. Wisbey is to be congratulated on his organizational energy in bringing the symposium into being and on his editorial skills in producing such a well-organized and worthwhile text.

## For the fun of the thing

DAVID CRYSTAL:

Linguistics

267pp. Paperback, 40p.

FRANK PALMER:

Grammar

200pp. Paperback, 35p.

Penguin.

One should approach linguistics with what David Crystal (autologously calls 'an open-minded state of mind') if one wishes to understand and appreciate the spectacular advances made in this science in recent years and described at some length in this highly informative and useful book. Linguistics is 'a headily controversial' subject and it is best studied 'for fun'. Dr Crystal enjoys himself immensely as he expatiates on those contentious propositions which have occupied the attention of linguists over the past half-century from Saussure and Trubetzkoy to the first Chomsky of

*Syntactic Structures* (1957), the revised Chomsky of *Aspects* (1965), and the core grammar of Charles Fillmore (1970).

The author's style is pleasantly conversational, anecdotal, and uninhibitedly repulsive. He recalls lots of common-sense chatter and conference gossip. He makes no attempt to endow his writing with any kind of permanence because, he tells us, linguistic science is advancing (or gyrating) at such breathtaking speed that anything said about it today stands a fair chance of becoming old-fashioned tomorrow. So let us join in the fun and lay aside for a while all that we have ever learnt about unrelated principles, pronouns of uncertain reference, and cleft infinitives. All is free and easy. Anything goes. Let us therefore not so much as litter with are referred quite casually to Thomas Elyot's *The Scholmaster*, and when we encounter such transatlantic crudities as 'this data' and 'isolatable' and

Frank Palmer writes more concerningly than his academic colleague, and yet even his academic exposition shows marks of haste. Why so? He misquotes Virgil at one point he attributes an arrangement to that eminent philologist Edward Sapir. He speaks of 'Mennim', an Americanist language. He translates *Lalia hominifera* as 'to remember a man'. He alludes to 'another mood in English' perhaps the English 'middle' which he clearly means 'another dialect or voice'. Such trivialities are, of course, easily rectifiable, and are light as air in comparison with the weighty and impressive scholarship elsewhere displayed in this able book. Professor Palmer's *Linguistic Study of the English Language* (1965) is one of the most original monographs on this theme that I possess. In *Grammar* he extends the study of the verb to cover the whole range of English morphology and syntax.

## HISTORY

## Christians against Muslims in Crete

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELIS:  
I Krikli epianastis tou 1889  
Edited by Ioannis G. Manolikiaki  
520pp. Athens: Apta, 1970  
Omnibus.

It is an act of Cretan piety that places the name of Venizelos on the title page of this book, because by far the greater part of it is written or compiled by Mr Manolikiaki. His primary purpose, which he adds as a subtitle, is to give to the world an unpublished and hitherto unknown national manuscript by 'the Emperor', as he proudly calls the great Cretan; but this document takes up only forty-two of his 520 pages, and several 'afterwards' support the success of conferences and recommendations some months before the outbreak of the war. The title of the project... under the editorship of Mr Angus Cameron, Toronto and Mr C. J. E. B. Lincoln College Oxford 'is in hand, and that the Centre Medieval Studies at Toronto University will be its home. The reason to hope, however, that the work will be more editorially sophisticated than does in the format of *Computers and Old English Concordances*.

Crete in the nineteenth century and for the first twelve years of the twentieth was part of the Ottoman Empire. Throughout that time the Christian Cretans, who amounted to just under four-fifths of the population, were inspired by the desire for liberty and union with the rest of Greece. In 1866 they fought for three years without success but, thanks to the interest which their struggle had aroused in Europe, the Sultan was forced to grant certain limited rights of representative government. In 1878 a further advance

was made when an agreement, known as the Halepa Pact, extended these rights and promised that a Christian member of the Ottoman service would be appointed as Governor. Mr Manolikiaki represents this concession as wrong from the Sultan by the Cretans themselves; it was in fact one of the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano which was retained after the drastic modification of that treaty at the Congress of Berlin.

This was the constitution which governed the island at the time the book begins. It had succeeded in keeping the island quiet, because the elections for the first ten years were won by a conservative coalition of Greeks and Turks representing the land-owning interests. The Christian governors never served out their five years, as provided at Halepa, mainly because the Cretan fiction or another would always get up a petition against them, and as a result the finances were usually in a chaotic state and trade was bad. This favoured the rise of an opposition party which, apart from being out of power and wanting to be in, drew some support from the shipowners and merchants of the towns. Mr Manolikiaki calls these two parties 'Conservatives and Liberals, though he knows some livelier and comelier names for them.

In the spring of 1889 a new election covered the period from the reign of Charles II until 1897, and a later work by the present author which continued it until 1956. Published in association with the Royal Artillery Institute and aimed with a foreword by the late Master Gunner, General Sir Robert Mansergh, it is clearly an authoritative work and an immense amount of research has gone into its compilation.

In spite of the many difficulties Alastair Campbell has provided an extremely comprehensive and detailed reference book for the whole period. There are more than 100 illustrations reproduced from contemporary sources in addition to excellent colour plates. The appendixes deal with the British Artillery, the Royal Irish Artillery and the women's services, together with a list of artillery units in Great Britain and Ireland.

Caroline Bingham offers a chapter of Scottish history, from the disaster of Blenheim in that of Solway Moss, rather than an intimate portrait of James V who, as a minor, could in any case play little part in the earlier years of his reign. She sees him as a lonely ruler incapable of close friendships, a lover of grandeur, but unyielding a popularity among his humbler subjects which, had the Reformation storm broken a little earlier, he would probably have lost. But there is little attempt at psychological penetration and Miss Bingham gets off to a slow start with a description of the land and people in the manner of the early chroniclers. Readers interested enough in sixteenth-century Scotland to take up the book will know where the Highland Line runs, that the Highland Scots are Celts, and that 'the local unit was the clan'. Such readers might well begin at chapter two.

FANTIEL, HANS. *Johann Strauss*. 246pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles, £2.75.

The tale of the waltz kings of Vienna lends itself to over-writing. It is true, but Hans Fantiel's book has been well researched and in the material derived from Lange, Dosey and later biographers of the Strauss he has a macabre fuel to add: the Nazis' forgery of a marriage document in St Stephen's Cathedral from which traces of Jewish ancestry were expunged, by someone unknown, in the spring of 1945 when Vienna was lo flames. Mr Fantiel is less good on the music itself, but appends a complete list of titles by both father and son: duode music, marches and operettas.

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